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Air Meditation

(taken from the WICCA echo on Sun 24 Jan 93 22:17)

Charis

It is dawn. I find myself in a forest filled with Aspen trees. I raise my eyes and look for the sky, but the boughs looming overhead hide it from my view. As I look up, feel the cool breeze of spring brush my face, and hear the sound of the rustling leaves. Blowing, laughing from the east, Eurus brings thoughts of renewal and life. I follow the wind further into the soft shadows of the forest, inhaling deeply the strong scent of the trees. I smell, too, the wafting hints of fragrant incense. I follow where my senses lead me and come to a small clearing circled by burning censers filled with sweet-smelling oils. Toward the east end of the circle is a staff. I walk over to the place and sit on the ground before it. I take the staff into my hands and close my eyes. First come swirling colors of white then yellow then fading darker into lavender. Then, out of the swirling fog of colors come dozens of small, lithe figures who swirl around as if carried on the wind itself. They dance around my head and body, swirling around as if caught in a dance to unheard music. Then, taking my attention from the spirits of the air, I look up to find further figures emerging from the mist. First comes a woman with the beauty of the dawn. As she steps forward, each of the four winds, in turn, hasten from around here and fly, one to each of the four corners of the earth. As she fades, there comes another whose form seems insubstantial, and seems to constitute both the image of a woman and a cow at the same time. I look closely the attempt to solidify one form, but I cannot. As this image fades, I am presented with the forms of two women who immediately remind me of the nighttime sky. One glows with the pale light of the full moon, and her eyes hold the fullness of hidden knowledge. The other, whom also seems to radiate cool starlight, seems to embody the possibilities of many lifetimes. In due course, these figures too fade and I am left with only the mist of the elemental world of air. Suddenly, three male figures issue from the mist. They seem to be three aspects of one man, but each's attributes differ. The first glows with the light of the moon, seeming to be its protector. The second and third appear almost identical, except that one has a winged helmet and shoes. As I sit and study the sameness and difference of the three, they begin to fade, as does the fog. When the mist clears, I find myself sitting within the circle still clutching the staff in my hands. I place the staff once again on the ground and rise. I thank the element of air, and all it is associated with for sharing with me its wisdom, and leave the circle.

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